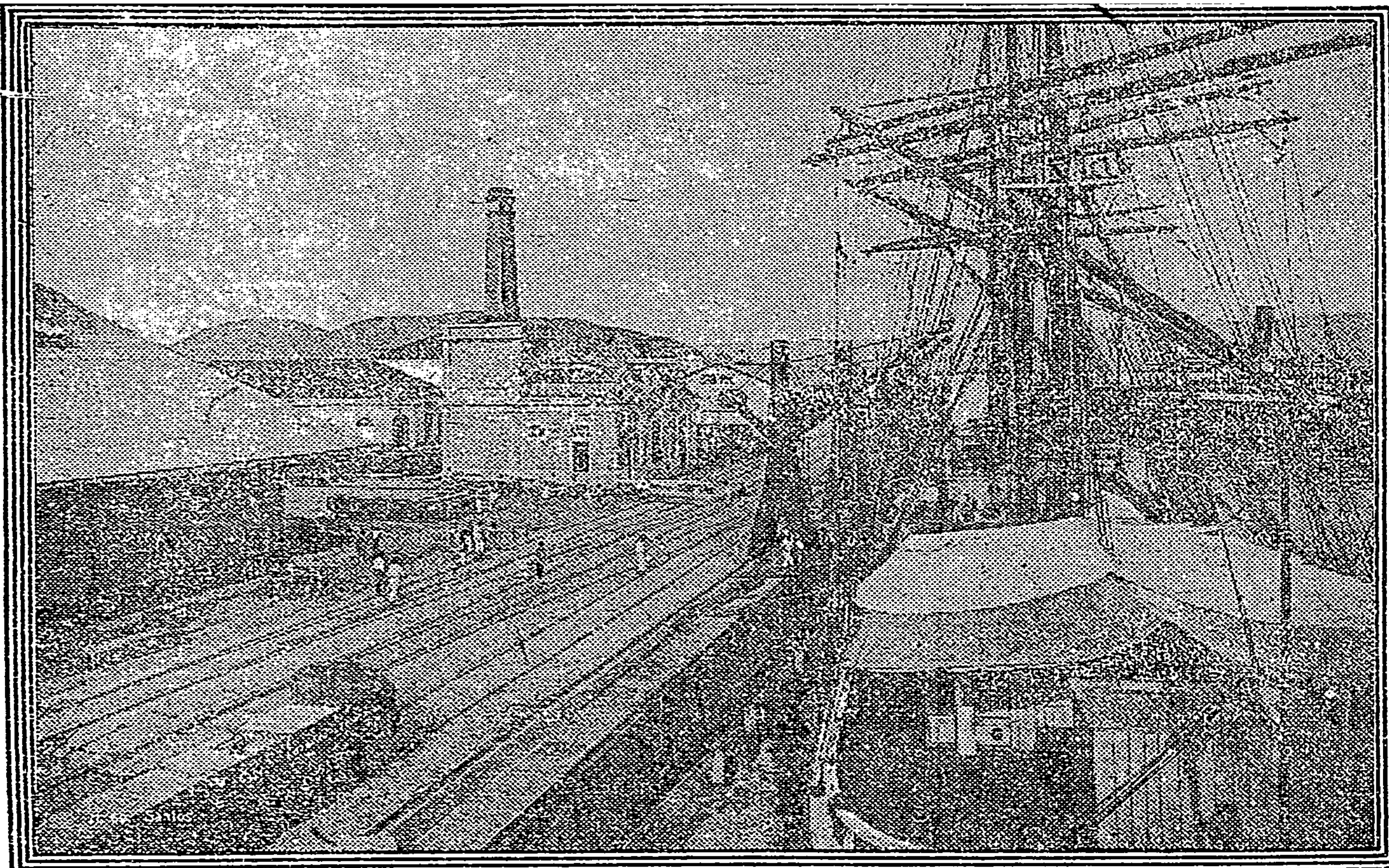


CLEMENCEAU RAMBLES IN PLANTATION AND FOREST



Docks at Santos.

This is the fourteenth of a series of articles giving impressions of South America written by the former Premier of France.

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By Georges Clemenceau.

It is not possible to speak of Brazil, still less of St. Paul, without the coffee question cropping up. The fabulous extension in recent years of the coffee plantations and the crops that have permitted the present extraordinary accumulation of wealth have drawn the attention of the whole world to the Brazilian "fazendas." Fat volumes have been written on the subject, and I gladly refer my readers to them. There they will find all the figures that I as well as another might quote, but I adhere to my intention of leaving to statisticians their own special eloquence, and of here giving an account of such things only as my eyes have seen.

If you want to inspect the Brazilian coffee plantations, you have only to look around you. I can show you the coffee plant, a shrub between 3 and 5 yards in height, which for foliage and manner of growth bears a strong resemblance to box. The flower is very like that of the orange tree, but with a more subtle scent. The fruit, or "cherry," red at first, then of a brownish color, contains two kernels.

The characteristic feature of the coffee plant is to bear flowers and fruit at the same time, in all stages of maturity, when once the first flowering is over, providing a spectacle that interested me greatly. But under these conditions, it follows that at whatever season the harvesting may be carried out, the crop is bound to be very unequal in quality. The only rational way to meet the case would be to have several harvests each year, but the cost of the proceeding would not be covered by the difference in the quality obtained.

For this reason the "fazendero" generally makes but one harvest a year, picking at the same time berries of varying quality, from the small, rolled "Moka," which is found on all plants, to the more or less perfect berries destined for the average consumer. Not that the fazendero makes the mistake of placing on the market a mixture of coffee of all qualities. When the berries have been dried in the open air on asphalt floors they are sorted by machinery, and thus seven different kinds are obtained, whose value naturally depends on their quality.

But unhappily the canny dealers who buy the Brazilian product classified in this way have nothing more pressing to do than to invent fresh combinations, tending to increase their own profits, but at the same time also to ruin our palates. Here we have the Percy mysteries of wine adulteration imported into the coffee market! We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn that to some palates coffee is only drinkable when mixed with chicory, with burnt fig, or roasted oats, the last more especially appreciated by the North American public.

The best of it is that at home with us Brazilian coffee bears but an indifferent reputation among the epicures, who like only the "Moka" of Santos. I confess that one of the surprises awaiting me in Brazil was to find their common coffee infinitely superior to what we drink at best houses. It is a light beverage, with a subtle, soft scent, and, being easily digested, it does not produce the usual nervous tension that causes insomnia.

In the hotels and railway stations of Brazil a cup of coffee is a perfect joy, not only for its delicacy of flavor but for its immediate tonic effect, and cannot be compared with the article offered in similar places at home. The cups certainly are smaller than ours, but I fancy the average Brazilian drinks five or six in a day. It is true I did hear "Brazilian excitability" put down to coffee intoxication, but on the whole I would like to know just to what this "excitability" amounts, and, besides, I am not clear that alcoholic countries have a right to take up a critical attitude toward coffee drinkers. Man in all parts of the world seeks to stimulate his powers, and only succeeds in obtaining temporary results—which have to be paid for later on in one way or another, either by a reaction of debility or by hypersthenic disorders.

None needs to be astonished then to find coffee in every mouth, both as a drink and as a topic of daily conversation. It is the one thing that all the Brazilians like, and it is the one thing that all the Brazilians like. It is the one thing that all the Brazilians like, and it is the one thing that all the Brazilians like. It is the one thing that all the Brazilians like, and it is the one thing that all the Brazilians like.

This is not the moment to dwell upon the economic conditions of coffee growing in the States of St. Paul, Rio, and Minas Geraes. I shall confine myself to recommending the reader to refer to the excellent book that Mr. Coffee Denis has published on the subject. As for the "valorization," a stroke of unparalleled audacity, it consisted in forbidding the laying out of new plantations at a moment when the market was menaced with a glut that seemed likely to bring about a slump, and in forcing the State of St. Paul to purchase the whole of the coffee stock—some 8,000,000 bags—and



Picking Coffee in Brazil.

hold them until prices had recovered their tone, when the articles could be placed gradually on the market at a remunerative figure, the scheme to be executed by means of a financial operation the details of which need not be gone into here.

This is a piece of advanced State Socialism which looks like succeeding, contrary to the expectations of economists, but which it would be highly imprudent to repeat on any pretext. As may be imagined, the scheme aroused the keenest opposition, for in case of failure, the risks might have amounted to some hundreds of millions, but it sufficiently denotes the extraordinary mixture of audacity and foresight that belongs to Brazilian statesmen. The perilous honors belong more especially to the President of the State of St. Paul, M. Tibirica, and to M. Augusto Ramos, a planter of the Rio State.

As I took a keen interest in the peripatetics of this social drama that threatened to swallow up both public and private fortunes, I naturally desired to visit the great laboratory of the fazendas where modern alchemy transmutes into gold the red earth that contains the mysterious diabolism which is the essential element in coffee growing.

A member of the Prado family kindly offered to show us his fazenda at Santa Cruz. The beauties of the landscape were unhappily concealed beneath a haze of fine rain, but man, alas! had done worse; for it is a disastrous introduction to the glories of the fazenda to cross the smoking tracks of a forest on fire. In the distance, huge trees were still blazing around us, was a waste of ashes, and of half-consumed boughs, and the falling rain seemed only to quicken the dying conflagration. In some of the great green holes were fearful gaping wounds through which the sap was oozing, while some tall trees still stretched to heaven their triumphant crown of foliage above a trunk all charred, that would never sprout again.

The Brazilians contemplate spectacles such as this with a wholly indifferent eye, and indeed even with satisfaction, for they see in the ruin only a promise of future harvests. To me the scene suggested only the horror of a slaughterhouse. At least we have the grace to hide ourselves when we massacre innocent beasts, since an implacable law of nature has decreed that life can only be supported on life. Why can we not hide in the same way the savage destruction of the beauties of the forest?

Between two harvests the fazenda is a scene of quiet repose. We witnessed all the different operations, from the drying to the sorting, and to the final departure of the bags to the Santos warehouses. Although our tour of inspection was arranged by the proprietor himself, he was only present on our account. The imposing mansion, the splendid gardens, all were deserted.

The Italian colonist has taken the place of the slave. The former master, now the employer, is no doubt attracted to the city. The overseer looks after the colonists, who are collected into a village, and the labor is organized as it might be in a factory. The families seemed prosperous enough beneath their coating of original dirt. Only babies and pigs were to be seen—surprisingly distinguishable the ones from the others, except that the pigs occasionally wallowed in a chance pond. This was risky, however, for the terrible jaws of the crocodile lie in wait on the banks of the neighboring pond.

The coffee plantation furnishes occupation for entire families. Men, women, and children bring equal zeal to bear upon the task of weeding, which has to

be repeated five or six times a year. The prolific Italian reaps an advantage from the size of his family. Moreover, plots of land are set apart for him on which he raises forage for his cattle, and the maize, manioc, and black beans on which he lives. Often, too, he gets permission to raise his private crops in the open spaces between the coffee plants.

All the colony is afoot when the time comes to pluck the berries. The St. Paul growers claim that they have only a single crop, all the berries ripening at the same time. I saw them full of blossom, covered thickly with bouquets of white flowers. But I noticed also in the sorting rooms a great irregularity in the grains.

We walked out to the plantations, vast stretches of red earth in which the shrubs are planted at regular intervals. Beside the path and among the young plants there were great charred branches rotting in the sun, the melancholy remains of forest monarchs laid low a dozen years ago and awaiting final decomposition. Here and there colossal tree trunks were still erect, though hemmed in on all sides by the green bushes whose monotonous uniformity triumphs over the dethroned sylvan power.

Occasionally some forest giant that has escaped by miracle from the flames rises to the sky its splendid stature, sole evidence of past splendor. In the bare flatness of the immense plain, covered with the low coffee plants, where no outstanding feature provides a scale of measurement, it is difficult to realize the real dimensions of these things. It is only when standing actually beneath a bole that you can estimate its proportions and a series of "oh's" and "ah's" of amazement then burst from all lips.

One of these trees, whose trunk was no less than seventy meters in height, had a girth so immense that eleven men stretching their arms in a circle round it, could not entirely span it. I was told that it was worth from 2,000 to 3,000 francs. There would be some expense attached to getting it to the place where it was wanted.

Still under a gentle sprinkle of rain that fell like drops of clear light, we made our way toward the great forest across which a fair carriage road has been built. This is not the deceiving forest whose timber feeds factory furnaces, such as that of Santa Ana or of Lules. This was a forest that had stood for countless centuries, as is shown by Titianesque survivals of those unknown ages, but it remains the forest eternally young, its vital force still unimpaired by time.

The grand architectural lines of trunks and boughs, where the sunlight plays tenderly in an unending scale of changing tones upon its depths, offer a feast for the eyes. Creepers entwining themselves among the branches, making a thousand fantastic turns and twists, while slender stems spring like fireworks heavenwards there to burst into bouquets of rich blossoms. Part only of the monstrous tree trunks are left visible. Beneath its inextricable tangle of boughs the "Jequitica," all in white, its spurs and rambling parts high enough to conceal a man, rises high above the rest, a Tower of Babel that is a great success.

Yet, at our feet there lay a colossus that fell only three days ago, and seemed to point to the final destiny of all earthly glory. It was no tempest that had laid it low; healthy, straight and tall, it had fallen before it could be weakened by age, simply because the fatality of the action of underground forces crowding upon it from all sides had decreed that it should end thus and here.

We felt it, measured it, and examined every part of the gigantic corpse, and not one was inclined to quote the assassin

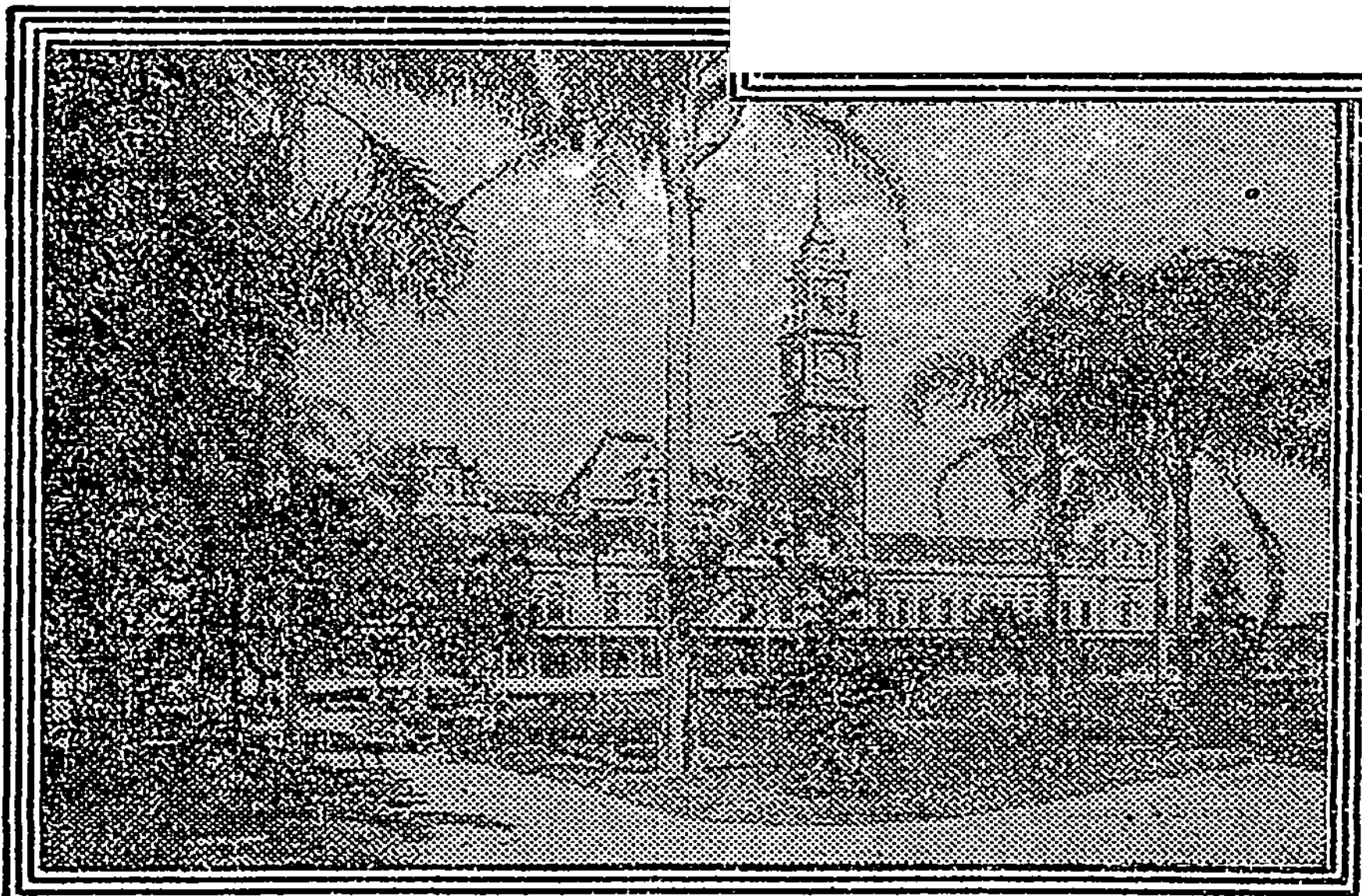
He Studies the Brazilian Negro and Tells His "French Brethren in Shiny Threadbare Sleeves" That the Negro Is Better Off Than They.



of the Duke de Guise. I thought it larger. No. Lying here at our feet, it was no less amazing in its might than it had been in its ephemeral glory. Even in the beauty of death, the splendor of life is impressive.

In the clearings, where the slender stems of tall palms sway their parasol tops in the wind, flocks of large parrots were busy exchanging opinions as to the reason of our presence, and if one may judge by the inflections of their cries, they thought it an ill-omen. In the patches of blue sky visible between the branches we could see them swirling overhead, uttering loud curses.

A glimpse of monkeys had been promised, but it appears that our cousins retreat before the sound of wheels and only tolerate—at a safe distance—the company of pedestrians. I thought if I separated from my fellows I might happen on the sight of one or two. Failing a specimen of the "Pithecanthropus erectus," any



Luz Railroad Station at St. Paul.

little chap on four legs would have found a brotherly welcome. Since none came, why not go after them?

But walking is a dangerous pastime, since at every moment one stands a risk of treading on a trigonoccephalus concealed in the brushwood here as high as a man's waist, to say nothing of the fact that there are no landmarks, and that before I had taken a hundred steps I should have hopelessly lost my way. I walked about twenty yards and that calmed my ardor. I saw neither monkey nor snake. I was not inconsovable, however, for the Brazilian snakes had no mystery for me.

I saw them in all their forms collected in a charming little garden which Dr. Vital Brazil has laid out expressly for them at Butantan. The coral serpent, the trigonoccephalus, the rattlesnake, they glide above the grass, climb the bushes whose branches effectually conceal them, or seek the shelter prepared for them in solitary corners. But for the absence of Mother Eve, one might fancy one's self in Eden.

I must add that a moat full of water with a wall above renders impossible the machinations of the Evil One. And I must say I did not go near them under these conditions. Dr. Brazil showed them to me in his laboratory, preserved in transparent jars, where the aggressive force of the creeping beast is revealed by means of sectional surgery, and again, in the narrow yard of his menagerie where one alarming looking reptile after

another was fished out of its prison on the end of a stick and then seized by the throat and forced to choke up its venom into a small glass.

You may suppose that in all this Dr. Brazil has some plan. You are right, and it is worth explaining. He is engaged in a quest after a cure for snake bites, or even perhaps for some way of rendering humanity immune. Brazil and India have a specialty of the most venomous of snakes.

Dr. Brazil, who spends his life in their company, declares that even the most deadly species is without hostile feeling for man. No one has ever been attacked by a snake. His poison (I refer to the snake) permits him to paralyze instantaneously the prey destined for his food. But it by mistake you walk on his tail, he becomes exclusively conscious of a desire for reprisals.

I do not want to argue about it. It is sufficient to state that some hundreds of Brazilians and some thousands of Indians whose pleasure it is to walk barefoot in the forests die annually from the deadly sting of this philanthropist whom they have unwittingly annoyed, notwithstanding the humanitarian opinions of snakes in general. This is the evil for which Dr. Brazil is trying to find a remedy. The Butantan Institute, half an hour distant from St. Paul, prepares antidiphtheric and antitetanic serums, but its specialty is the antioptic serum. Dr. Calmette was the first to discover a method of procuring immunity, but the

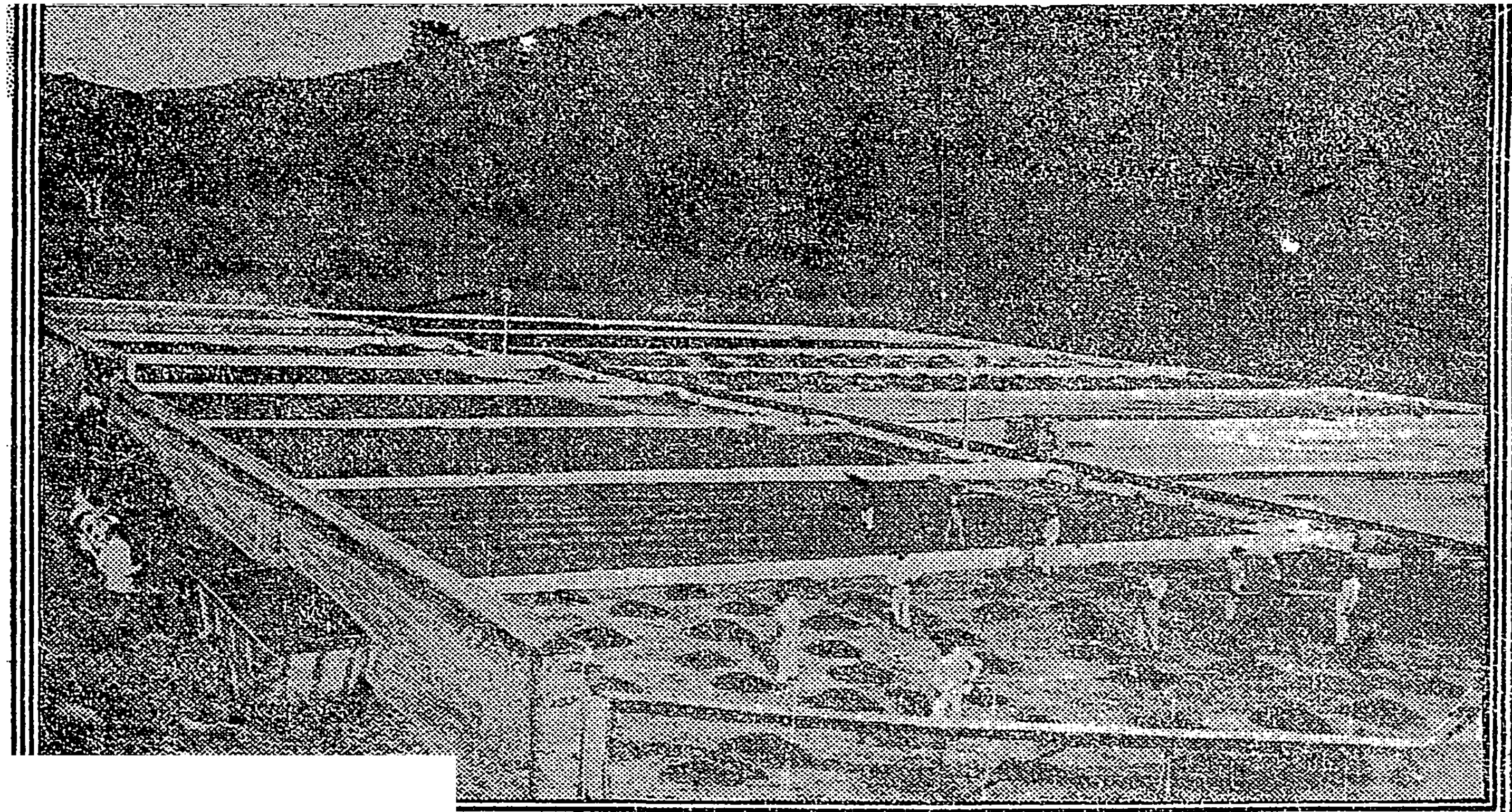
railway which is celebrated throughout the world for the picturesque moving panorama it offers to travelers.

From an industrial point of view, the port is not equipped to cope with the present traffic, statistics for 1908 showing 109 ships to leave its quay carrying fifty millions of kilograms of coffee—three-quarters of the total output of the world. As for the Brazilian "floresta," it is difficult to judge of it at a distance. I was placed on a little balcony in front of the locomotive, between the Minister of the Interior of St. Paul and M. Augusto Ramos, and thus enjoyed an unrivaled point of view, while at the same time I was placed almost too completely out of danger of feeling any excess of heat.

Mountains, valleys, forest-clad slopes, it might have been Switzerland or the Pyrenees, and I have assuredly no inclination to belittle either. Yet, what a difference with the impression produced by a walk in any part of the forest, where every step lifts you to an ecstasy of admiration. Shall I confess it? The railway stations, melancholy halting places on the mountain, have left the best souvenir in my mind. In the first place there were rows of cups of coffee awaiting us there, coffee which revives and refreshes a traveler and perfumes the air with an aroma unknown in Europe. Then, and still better, there were delicate orchids climbing over the verandas, making showers of warm light, and left there out of respect for one of nature's chief deities, since they but ill support the fatigue of railway traveling.

The orchid season was just beginning when I left Brazil. What I could see of it in the forests, where the earth was piled up with all kinds of decaying vegetation in which the marvelous harvest was already preparing, delighted me, for such beauty gains much by being viewed in its natural setting. And in the desolate railway stations, from all these wood chips there spring sheaves of vivid color, transforming everything, as if the yawning rags of some beggar revealed a fabulously rich treasure.

For the Brazilian flora has extraordinary resources. When I crossed the Bay of Santos to take the tramway, which runs in twenty minutes to Guarujá Beach, I had no idea that the pleasure of the journey could excel that of my first arrival. The Guarujá Beach is extremely fine. It lies in a frame of rocks and forests, and in its fine sand it filters the high waves that rush in from the open sea in magnificent upheavals of fury,



Drying Coffee on One of the Large Estates.

serum of the Lille Institute, prepared from the poison of Indian cobras, proved in the hands of Dr. Brazil powerless against the Brazilian rattlesnake. In this way Dr. Brazil made the discovery that each South American species had a special poison the serum of which took no effect on other poisons.

Accordingly, at Butantan three different serums are prepared: two act on special species, and the third, called "polyvalent," is used in cases where the owner of the poison has omitted, when stinging his victim, to leave his visiting card and thus establish his identity—the most common case.

But Dr. Brazil is not satisfied to cure or render immune those who seek ophidic inoculation. He has discovered a super-providential serpent which, having no poison of its own, and being invulnerable to the stings of his kind, renders them all innocuous to humanity by eating them. This is the friendly Mussurana. They offered him to me for inspection, and he looked neither better nor worse than the Trigonoccephalus. I should not at all like to find him in my bed. I tried to coax him, however, to munch a poisonous comrade. He had just breakfasted, and wanted only to sleep. Dr. Pozzi, luckier than myself, had the pleasure of seeing him swallow a certain jaracaca whose slightest caress is deadly. The story has been published in Figaro. How must we regard this phenomenon unless as a freak of nature? To try to multiply the Mussurana in order to exterminate rattlesnakes seems to me a dangerous experiment. Dr. Brazil has not yet succeeded in obtaining a single young one, and, for my part, I cannot yet see man and the Mussurana living in harmony together.

As a final surprise we were informed that Dr. Bettencourt Rodriguez had obtained some excellent results by treating yellow fever with antioptic serum. The most certain method seems, however, to be the suppression of the mosquito, the propagator of the disease, as Rio and Santos have done.

Santos, now a healthy city, is an agreeable place, whose only mission is to receive the coffee from St. Paul and export it to all the continents of the world. We had a brief look at it as we passed, and saw enough to wish to return there. But this time, instead of approaching by sea, we descended upon it from the plateau, 2,500 feet in altitude, which shuts the city in with its salt marshes bounded by mountain and sea, using the famous electric

which suddenly melt away into great stretches of pacified foam.

But how find words to express the enchantment of the road! The low shores of Santos Bay are but a broad marsh where a frail vegetation rejected by the forest has full sway. On both sides of the road there is an ever-changing sorcery of leaf and blossom in the most lurid of hues. Not an inch of space between two boughs but is promptly filled by stem, bud, creeper, parasite, and some kind of growth, large or small.

Trees that are wasting beneath the cruel tendrils eating into their flesh don a robe of orchids. Canavases make patches of flaming scarlet in the thickest part of the brushwood, and the wild banana palm lifts a tall head from above the two-cornered spirals of saffron-colored flowers which give an effect like monstrous crustaceans warping with the branches. A wild ascaris, in which it looks as if all the forces of terrestrial fecundity were convulsed in one impudent spasm.

Just as I was closing my visit to Brazil, with great regret at leaving so much unseen, I had accepted an invitation from M. Teixeira Soares, the owner of a fazenda in the State of Minas Geraes. M. Soares is interested in many large industrial affairs, and is the manager of a railway company, besides being greatly in love with land and its fruitful joys. Modest and quiet, he takes some trouble to efface himself as much as possible in the social order of events, but his methodical and clear mind is attracted by every big problem, and forces him into the front rank of all the different enterprises which are an honor to his country.

I was greatly impressed by the way he spoke of his fazenda, the management of which he has confided to his son. It was easy to see that he had centred there, if not the best of his energy, at least the highest pleasure that can be derived from the collaboration of man with the soil. When I inquired of one of the fazenderos whether it was true, as M. Soares boasted, that he grew the best coffee in Brazil, and obtained for it the highest market prices, I was told that the fact could not be disputed, but that M. Soares had the reputation of spending more on his coffee than it could bring him. I could not help fancying the words covered an acknowledgment of inferiority.

Idealism, in agriculture as elsewhere, is

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CLEMENCEAU RAMBLES IN PLANTATION AND FOREST

(Continued from Page 10.)

apt to be costly. It may not, however, exclude the active qualities that make for success. M. Soarès devotes himself more particularly to the improvement of coffee plants and the raising of new species. Now it was said that he had got from a horticulturist (of Montmartre) a certain plant with whose fame the world would shortly ring. He wanted me to open the new plantation, and as an ex-Montmartrois I certainly could not refuse an invitation coming from Montmartre coffee growing in Brazil.

I shall say nothing of the journey. As usual, there were miles of hills destroyed by fire. In the villages cabins and colonial houses were scattered about on the river banks among great groves of trees. The Parahyba made amends for the melancholy waste of the land by its innumerable rocky headlands, its tree stems, its islets where a note of beauty was lent by brilliant plumage of birds.

Small, impatient horses were waiting for us at the station and seated in "boggies" that bounded over the deep ruts of the road we passed through woods where large-leaved creepers made a magnificent stage setting which only ended in the acropolis of Santa Alda. This rustic baronial hall that belongs to days of slavery is set on the summit of an eminence which commands a tangle of valleys, and it offers a comfortable simplicity of arrangement clothed in an avalanche of flowers, wide verandas, colonnades, arches, all overgrown with multi-colored bouquets that are perpetually in flower and under the rays of the sun distill a delicate ambiance of scented prisms.

The impression is one of charm as well as of force, and when the young planter, accompanied by the pleasant queen of the domain with her group of small children, is seen in this background of rustic nobility you are conscious of a fine harmony between man and nature. The strains of the "Marseillaise" burst out as we crossed the threshold from instruments concealed in the plantation. It was a greeting to France that was touching enough from these Africans but yesterday ground down in an odious slavery and to-day the free and light-hearted comrades of a man who by his kindly ways has detained the little colony in a place whose associations must be painful enough.

The attraction of the gardens is too strong to be resisted, and we wander out, strolling amidst the clumps of tall, brilliantly colored plants, and anon gazing in rapt admiration at the warm line of the distant hills, which hold up against the gorgeous crimson of the sunset a delicate fringe of palm foliage, or watching the humming birds which chase each other in the branches and form a dancing cohort of glowing brands.

When night fell a golden light pervaded the atmosphere. We did not go in until we had taken a look at the stud which

boasts some of the finest English sires, and we wound up the evening by an amusing performance by an agreeable African conjuror, who gave an explanation in French of all his tricks, and was clad in gentlemanly attire—frock coat, white tie, tan shoes, all the latest style of the "Floresta."

To-morrow, a good hour before sunrise, we are to start for a last visit to the Brazilian forest, and although a heartless doctor has forbidden me riding exercise, I have not the strength of mind to refuse the expedition. They set me, accordingly, upon a plank, having a high wheel on either side, and soon I taste the joys of the football, not as player, but as ball, leaping with its round elasticity heavenward after a vigorous kick. And the pleasure of bounding upward is as nothing to the austere sensation of falling back again on the implacable boot sole.

In this fashion I was rolled through a series of black holes which, I was told, in the sunlight would appear to be valleys. As luck would have it, we presently came upon a hill that had to be climbed, and my courser dropped to a footpace; the violent shocks of the earlier part of the journey now gave place to a comparatively simple sensation that suggested an anvil beneath the blows of a hammer. Then the day broke.

M. Soarès, Jr., who watched my progress from the back of a tall steed, pointed out his first experiments with rubber plants and with cocoa, and described his coffee gardens, of which I had already seen some specimens. The sufferings of the lower part of my person now gave way to the admiration of the higher as I mentally compared the wretched, stunted lives in our cities with the wide freedom of existence led by this high-spirited youth who was wrestling out here in the glorious sunshine with the exuberant forces of a fruitful nature which he is certain to master in time.

O you, my French brethren, who, in alpaca coats, sit eternally on your stools, bent over useless documents, know that the earth has not yet exhausted her gifts; learn that there is another life free from the anaemic, cramping conditions which you know. This thought was still in my mind when we turned our reins across the moor that led to the coffee plantations where dried palm leaves protect the young shoots from the heat of the sun, and where the new species derived from a plant grown on the sacred hill of Montmartre-en-Paris is being carefully cultivated.

Come out here, young men in shiny threadbare sleeves who make your way nightly homeward to the close dens around the Sacre Coeur, come and see these black coffee planters, men, women, and children, living close to nature on the outskirts of civilization, and compare your own wretched quarters furnished by Dufayel on the "Hire" system, that has cost you such anxious moments, with

Improvements in Coffee Growing in Brazil Arouse His Interest.

the blissful nudity of these cabins, and tell me where you see the worst form of slavery, here among the newly emancipated Africans or at home under your own roofs?

The forest! the forest! I have seen it once and again, but I could never tire of it and my great regret is that I cannot come back again to it. The sun has made its sudden appearance on the scene, glowing like a violent conflagration, and a thousand voices from the winged population of the woods have greeted him, singing the joys of light returned. Everywhere is the same eternal hymn to life. I was shown a small bird whose female dances round her spouse as soon as he begins to pour forth his love serenade in joyous notes. Blue and yellow toucans dazzle us with their splendor. Valleys filled with colossal ferns open out in the daylight their unexpected vistas of a delirious vegetation.

I ask after the monkeys. Alas! they do not leave their retreats before 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They only arrive for their 5 o'clock tea! But for no inducement would they leave their dressing rooms until the sun has gone down to the horizon. When you have once seen the heart of the forest wilderness, where the same luxuriant life in manifold manifestations is to be seen at your feet and in the high trees and hilltops, where profusely flowering creepers wind themselves around every twig and bough, placing these forest kings in tender bondage, you will not blame the monkeys for being content to remain in their sumptuous domain.

I was shown fruit half eaten—the refuse of a monkeys' restaurant. I can well believe it. A woodcutter told me he was attacked yesterday by a dozen who were so pertinacious that he had to defend himself with his stick. Thus, though I never saw a monkey, I did see a man who had seen one.

At last we reached a waterfall which was, it appears, the limit of our excursion. On our way back we came to a difficult crossing, and as my horse was even more enchanted than myself by the rough treatment he had given me, he was taken out of the shafts, and a swarm of some eleven negroes pulled and pushed me along, with bursts of laughter at their performance.

But for that chuckle I might have fancied myself some Roman victor arriving in triumph. It only lasted ten minutes, but I should have been covered with confusion had some chance cinematograph been on the spot to reproduce the scene. This misfortune was spared me. Thanks to the fact, I take the pleasure of holding myself up to ridicule.

The ceremony of inaugurating the Montmartre coffee plant took place half way. The operation is less difficult than might be thought. I climbed up a slope from whose top I could see rows of holes, with heaps of coffee plants, their roots carefully wrapped up and each in a small basket by itself, lying at intervals over the prepared ground. One of these baskets, with its young green stem, was offered to me. I stuck it in the first hole that came handy, and thus the glory of Montmartre, like that of Brazil, reached its apogee.

I do not know what will become of my coffee enterprise in Santa Alda. It is more certain that Mr. Soarès has begun to manure his land instead of merely scattering the shells of the berries over it. It is possible that the Brazilian fazenderos will be a little worried by this example, seeing in it only a way of increasing expenses.

But the established fact that M. Soarès's coffees are in great demand seems a curious coincidence, for no one can suppose he amuses himself in this way for the fun of losing his money. When I left Santa Alda I carried with me a pretty collection of canes made from the finest woods produced on the fazenda, and on board the Principe Umberto, which brought me back to Europe, discovered a chest of coffee, which enabled me to give my kind hosts the authentic testimony of a consumer.

The Principe Umberto is in every way like the Regina Elena, as indeed she ought to be considering her origin. There are the same comfortable arrangements, the same excellent service, the same Latin courtesy from the officers. We had two adventures on the voyage. A madman threw himself into the sea one night. The siren shrieked the alarm. A boat put off, but returned after a fruitless search. I was told that this was a typical return case. On the way out hope holds us by the hand. To make one's way back, after disappointments, is for human weakness perhaps a sore trial. We do not all get to Corinth. Let us pity those who make this an excuse for never setting out. The commissary told me the story of one third-class passenger, all in rags, who deposited with him when he came on board, the sum of 150,000 francs. There are evidently compensations.

The second adventure was more general in interest. It took the form of a strike among the coal heavers of St. Vincent. The harbor, with its border of bare rock, lay still and deserted. A few cheeky negroes dived for our edification after coins flung from the ship. But that was all, neither white nor black man appeared, for the order had been given that no one should come off to meet us and we on our side were forbidden to land.

We need not be astonished if the first lesson learned by the blacks from their white "superiors" is that of violence preached by grandiloquent politicians, trembling inwardly with fear but none the less tenacious in their inglorious arguments. The negroes have the excuse of having reached our civilization late in the day. Are we too ambitious when we implore the whites to preach by example?

We coal at Las Palmas, the capital of the Great Canary. As other boats are there ahead of us, we are obliged to spend an entire day in harbor. We land therefore. The "Happy Isles" have inherited from the ancients such a reputation that some disappointment is inevitable. Seen from the sea, the Canaries show only a cluster of arid rocks devoid of vegetation. Las Palmas is a picturesque town whose palms can but inspire an amiable benevolence in people who have seen Brazil. The country is purely African in character. Square white houses without windows, banana groves down in the valleys, hills of calcined stones.

After an hour or two along a road that is thick with dust, you reach a pretty restaurant standing in a garden whose exotic vegetation would be charming if one had never seen the Riviera. The canary of the islands that is said to abound revealed

itself to me in the guise of a vulgar, chattering sparrow. Yet the boatmen who boarded our ship offered authentic canaries in cages hung from a long rod, but I was told they had been procured from Holland.

These birds have a particularly sweet song, and they sing to order, oddly enough. It is enough to shout to the seller, "Your canary does not sing," for the bird to burst into a flood of thrills and turns. It is the triumph of a songster with the imitative faculty. Buyer and seller both are taken in and the greatest "serin," (canary, also used to mean dufer,) is not the one you might think.

Before I take my leave of the reader I want to say a word for the creation of a line of fast ships making the journey between France and South America. So little space remains to me that I cannot treat the subject as I should like. The case is simple; formerly the French Line was very popular, but it has allowed itself to be entirely outdistanced by other companies, who have built more rapid boats while we continue to send old vessels over the sea. The contract held by the "Messageries Maritimes" expires in 1912. By some culpable negligence, no steps have been taken to improve the service, or even to continue it. The matter cannot rest there. If we are to enlarge our dealings with South America it is of capital importance to France to have a service of rapid boats fitted up on the most comfortable of modern lines.

I shall venture to make a brief extract here from a report that I got my friend Edmond Théry to make out for me, since his authority in matters economic is universally known:

"For the last twenty years there has been a prodigious increase of production and public wealth in the two Americas. This fact accounts for the enormously increased proportion of travelers to Europe drawn from North America, Mexico, Brazil, the Argentine, &c. The proof is that the luxurious hotels springing up anew almost daily in Paris and on the Riviera to cater for this class of customer are always crowded.

"Brazil and the Argentine Republic have more especially profited by the rise in value of their land; in the course of the last ten years, from 1900 to 1909, their working railways have gone up from 14,027 kilometers to 19,080 in Brazil, and from 16,563 to 25,508 kilometers in the Argentine Republic.

"These 13,938 kilometers of new lines, (46 per cent. increase since 1900,) have opened the door to agriculture, cattle breeding, foresting, in immense and hitherto desert regions, and the results of this may be traced in the increase of their foreign trade.

"During a short period of ten years the exports, i. e., the surplus of home-grown articles after supplying the needs of the country, have increased in value 700 per cent. in Brazil and 157 per cent. in the Argentine Republic. As for the total value of the foreign trade of the two countries it has risen from 1,071,000,000 francs for the former and 2,161,000,000 for the latter; in other words, an average of 107,000,000 francs per annum for Brazil and 216,000,000 for the Argentine.

"These startling figures show clearly enough the importance of the economic advance these two countries are making, and we may say that the French capital has built up this prosperity.

"We ought now to seek to retain the advantages to be drawn from our financial intervention in the new Brazilian and Argentine undertakings, and one of the best ways to attain this end is to make sure of rapid means of communication between France and the two great South American republics which shall be up to date in every way and luxurious enough to induce Brazilians and Argentines to come to Europe and return to their own country in French boats rather than in English, German, or Italian vessels.

"Such means of communication are already in existence between France and the United States, but are wholly lacking in the direction of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

"The French boats which call at these stations have been a long time in use, and their fittings are in no sense in conformity with modern ideas of luxury such as the class of travelers to which I have already alluded invariably expects. As for their average speed, it certainly never goes beyond 14 knots, for they make the journey from Bordeaux to Rio de Janeiro with the different scheduled stops by the way in at least seventeen days, and if they go on as far as Buenos Aires, in twenty-two days.

"The distance between Bordeaux and these two ports being 4,901 and 5,991 nautical miles, respectively, it is only necessary to have boats capable of doing 20 knots as an average, or 20 miles, an hour, for the journey to Rio de Janeiro to be performed in 10 days and 5 hours, and that to Buenos Aires in 12 days 15 hours."

There is nothing to add to this clear statement of the case.

And now how can I resist the temptation to put some sort of conclusion to these rambling notes, made with the sole desire to learn to know and make use of the knowledge acquired for the benefit of French extension, and this in the interest of humanity at large? In every calling there is but one road to success, work. When Candide returned from Buenos Aires he brought back from his travels the lesson that we must work in our gardens. Since his day our garden has grown considerably, and since we are in reality ourselves the first elemental tool for all work, the first condition of improvement must be the improvement of the material. Therefore let us work.